

HEAVEN.

I dreamed I stood in Heaven,
"Twas not all gold and grand
Upheaved by jasper columns,
But there were seas and land,
And there were trees and forests
And hills and rocks and roads
And mills and mines, and groaning men
Who carried heavy loads.

I saw no white-robed angels,
But muscled men were there,
Flags that were bent and ugly
And maids red-lipped and fair,
And as I watched them passing
I saw with glad surprise
A hundred faces I had known
Ere death had shut their eyes.

And one who stopped beside me
Smiled when I spoke, and said:
"Behold yon sweating toilers
Who pass with heavy tread;
On earth they shirked and idled,
They fooled their time away—
Full many a rich man's son you see
At labor there to-day."

And they that struggle yonder
And totter on and groan,
Borne down by great globes, wanted
To make the world their own,
And those who tumble into
Dark, reeking holes and then
Fall into others used to play
Jokes on their fellow men.

"Those ancient hags," I ventured,
"Pray tell me, what were they
Before the somber angel
Conducted them away?"
"Ah, they were flirts who flirted,
Who broke men's hearts for fun
And, full of pride, went boasting of
The conquests that they won."

"Those with the happy faces,
The brave ones and the fair,
Whose laughter ever echoes
Across the valleys there?"
"Ere death laid hands upon them
They tried to do their best,
And none among them sought to take
The portions of the rest."

"And I?" I trembling asked him—
"Is happiness for me?
Or must I fret and labor
Through all eternity?"
He looked away a moment
And then he gravely spoke,
But ere I heard a word the bed
Broke down, and I awoke.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Herald.

The Lost Continent

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The purpose of these two cave-tigers was plain; while they were in the circus, and loose, no living being could cross from one gate to the other. They were a new and sturdy addition to the defenses of the capital. A collar of bronze was round the throat of each, and on the collar was a massive chain which led to the wall, where it could be played out or hauled in by means of a windlass in one of the hidden galleries. So that at ordinary moments the two huge beasts could be tethered, one close to either end of the circus, as the litter of bones and other messes showed, leaving free passageway between the two sets of doors.

The windlass clanked, and the tethering chains drew the great beasts clear of the doorway; and a valve of the farther door swung ajar, and a prisoner was thrust struggling into the circus. A sickness seized me when I saw that this was a woman, but still, in view of the object I had in hand, I made no interruption.

It was not that I had never seen women sent to death before. A general, who had seen his fighting, must in his day have killed women equally with men; yes, and seen them earn their death-blow by lusty battling. Yet there seemed something so wanton in this cruel, helpless sacrifice of a woman prisoner, that I had a struggle with myself to avoid interference. Still it is ever the case that the individual must be sacrificed to a policy, and so, as I say, I watched on, outwardly cold and impassive.

I watched too (I confess it freely) with a quicker heart. Here was no sullen, submissive victim. She may have been cowardly (as some women are), she may have been brave (as many women have shown themselves); but, at any rate, it was clear that she was going to make a struggle for her life, and to do vicious damage, it might be, before she yielded it up. The watchers behind the arrow-slits recognized this. Their wagers, and the hum of their appreciation, swept round the ring of the circus.

They stripped their prisoners, before they thrust them out to this death, of all the clothes they might carry, for clothes have a value; and so the woman stood there barelimbed in the moonlight.

She clapped her back to the great stone door by which she had entered, and faced fate with glowing eye. Gods! there have been times in early years when I could have plucked out sword and jumped down, and fought for her there for the sheer delight of such a battle. But now policy restrained me. The individual might want a helping hand, but it was becoming more and more clear that Atlantis wanted a minister also; and before these great needs, the lesser ones perforce must perish. Still, he noted that, if I did not jump down, no other man there that night had sufficient manhood remaining to venture the opportunity.

My heart glowed as I watched her. She picked a bone from the litter on the pavement and beat off its head by blows against the wall. Then with her teeth she fashioned the point to still further sharpness. I could see her teeth glisten white in the moon rays as she bit with them.

The huge cave-tigers, which stood as high as her head as they walked, came nearer to her in their prowling, yet obviously neglected her. This was part of their accustomed scheme of torment, and the woman knew it well. There was something intoler-

able in their noiseless, ceaseless padding over the pavement. I could see the prisoner's breasts heave as she watched them. A terror such as that would have made many a victim sick and helpless.

But this one was bolder than I had thought. She did not wait for a spring; she made the first attack herself. When the she-tiger made its stroll towards her, and was in the act of turning, she flung herself into a sudden leap, striking viciously at its eye with her sharpened bone. A roar from the onlookers acknowledged the stroke. The cave-tiger's eye remained undarkened, but the puny weapon had dealt it a smart flesh wound, and with a great bellop of surprise and pain it scampered away to gain space for a rush and a spring.

But the woman did not await its charge. With a shrill scream she sped forward, running at the full of her speed across the moonlight directly towards that shadowed part of the encircling wall within whose thickness I had my gazing-place; and then, throwing every tendon of her body into the spring, made the greatest leap that surely any human being ever accomplished, even when spurred on by the utmost of terror and desperation. In an after day I measured it, though of a certainty she added much to the force of her run, by clinging up the wall, it is a sure thing, at splendid leap her feet dangled a man-height and a half above the pavement.

I say it was prodigious, but then the spur was more than the ordinary, and the woman herself was far out of the common both in thews and intelligence; and the end of the leap left her with five fingers lodged in the sill of the arrow-slit from which I watched. Even then she must have slipped back if she had been left to herself, for the sill sloped, and the stone was finely smooth; but I shot out my hand and gripped hers by the wrist, and instantly she clambered up with both knees on the sill and her fingers twined round to grip my wrist in her turn.

And now you will suppose she gushed out prayers and promises, thinking only of safety and enlargement. There was nothing of this. With savage panting wordlessness she took fresh grip on the sharpened bone with her spare hand, and lunged with it desperately through the arrow-slit. With the hand that clutched mine she drew me towards her, so as to give the blows the surer chance, and so unprepared was I for such an attack, and with such fierce suddenness did she deliver it, that the first blow was near giving me my quietus. But I grappled with the poor frantic creature as gently as might be—the stone of the wall separating us always—and stripped her of her weapon, and held her firmly captive till she might calm herself. "That was an ungrateful blow," I said. "But for my hand you'd have slipped and be the sport of a tiger's paw this minute."

"Oh, I must kill some one," she panted, "before I am killed myself."

"There will be time enough to think upon that some other day; but for now you are far enough off meeting further harm."

"You are lying to me. You will throw me to the beasts as soon as I loose my grip. I know your kind; you will not be robbed of your sport."

"I will go so far as to prove myself to you," said I, and called out for the warder who had tended the doors below. "Bid those tigers be tethered on a shorter chain," I ordered, "and then go yourself outside into the circus and help this lady delicately to the ground."

The word was passed and these things were done, and I too came out into the circus and joined the woman, who stood waiting under the moonlight. But the others who had seen these doings were by no means suited at the change of plan. One of the great stone valves of the farther door opened hurriedly and a man strode out, armed and flushed. "By all the gods!" he shouted, "Who comes between me and my pastime?" I stepped quietly to the advance. "I fear, sir," I said, "that you must launch your anger against me. By accident I gave that woman sanctuary, and I had not heart to toss her back to your beasts."

His fingers began to snap against his hip.

"You have come to the wrong market here with your qualms. I am captain here, and my word carries, subject only to Phœnice's nod. Do you hear that? Do you know too that I can have you tossed to those striped gate-keepers of mine for meddling in here without an invitation?" He looked at me sharp enough, but saw plainly that I was a stranger. "But perhaps you carry a name, my man, which warrants your impertinence?"

"Deucalion is my poor name," I said, "but I cannot expect you will know it. I am but newly landed here, sir, and when I left Atlantis some score of years back, a very different man to you held guard over these gates." He had his forehead on my feet by this time. "I had it from the empress this night that she will tomorrow make a new sorting of this kingdom's dignities. Perhaps there is some recommendation you would wish me to lay before her in return for your courtesies?"

"My lord," said the man, "if you wish it, I can have a turn with those cave-tigers myself now, and you can look on from behind the walls and see them tear me."

"Why tell me what is no news?"

"I wish to remind my lord of his power; I wish to beg of his clemency."

"You showed your power to these

poor prisoners; but, from what remains here to be seen, few of them have tasted much of your clemency."

"The orders were," said the captain of the gate, as though he thought a word might be said here for his defense—"the orders were, my lord, that the tigers should be kept fierce and accustomed to killing."

"Then, if you have obeyed orders, let me be the last to chide you. But it is my pleasure that this woman be respected, and I wish now to question her."

The man got to his feet again with obvious relief, though still bowing low.

"Then if my lord will honor me by sitting in my room that overlooks the outer gate, the favor will never be forgotten."

"Show the way," I said, and took the woman by the fingers, leading her gently. At the two ends of the circus the tigers prowled about on short chains, growling and muttering. We passed through the door into the thickness of the outer wall, and the captain of the gate led us into his private chamber, a snug enough box overlooking the plain beyond the city. He lit a torch from his lamp and thrust it into a bracket on the wall and, bowing deeply, and walking backwards, left us alone, closing the door in place behind him. He was an industrious fellow, this captain, to judge from the spoil with which his chamber was packed. There could have come very few traders in through that gate below without his levying a private tribute; and so, judging that most of his goods had been unlawfully come by, I had little qualm at making a selection. It was not decent that the woman, being an Atlantean, should go bereft of the dignity of clothes, as though she was a mere savage from Europe; and so I sought about among the captain's spoil for garments that would be befitting.

But, as I busied myself in this search for raiment, rummaging among heaps and bales, with a hand and eye little skilled in such business, I heard a sound behind which caused me to turn my head, and there was the woman with a dagger she had picked from the floor, in the act of drawing it from the sheath.

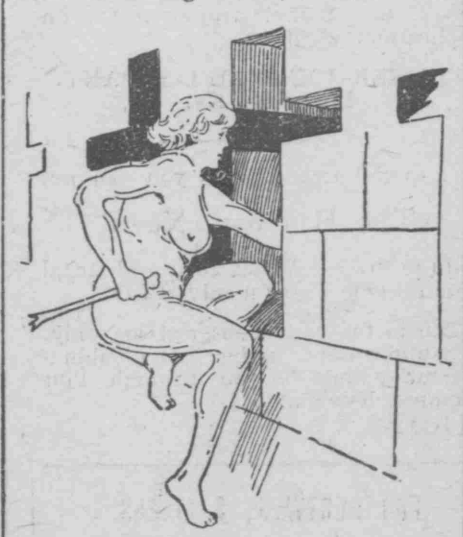
She caught my eye and drew the weapon clear, but seeing that I made no advance towards her, or move to protect myself, waited where she was, and presently was took with a shuddering.

"Your designs seem somewhat of a riddle," I said. "At first you wished to kill me from motives which you explained, and which I quite understood. It lay in my power next to confer some small benefit upon you, in consequence of which you are here, and not—shall we say?—yonder in the circus. Why you should desire now to kill the only man here who can set you completely free, and beyond these walls, is a thing it would gratify me much to learn. I say nothing of the trifle of ingratitude. Gratitude and ingratitude are of little weight here. There is something far greater in your mind."

She pressed a hand hard against her breasts. "You are Deucalion," she gasped; "I heard you say it."

"I am Deucalion. So far, I have known no reason to feel shame for my name."

"And I come of those," she cried, with a rising voice, "who bite



SHE CLAMBERED UP WITH BOTH KNEES ON THE SILL.

against this city, because they have found their fate too intolerable with the land as it is ordered now. We heard of your coming from Yueatan. It was we who sent the fleet to take you at the entrance to the gulf."

"Your feet gave us a pretty fight," I said. "Oh, I know, I know. We had our watchers on the high land who brought us the tidings. We had an omen even before that. Where we lay with our army before the walls here, we saw great birds carrying off the slain to the mountains. But where the fleet failed, I saw a chance where I, a woman, might—"

"Where you might succeed?" I sat me down on a pile of the captain's stuffs. It seemed as if that here at last I should find a solution for many things.

"You carry a name?" I asked.

"They call me Nais."

"Ah!" I said, and signed to her to take the clothes that I had sought out. She was curiously like, so both my eyes and hearing said, to Yiga, the fan-girl of Phœnice, but as she had told me of no parentage I asked for none then. Still her talk alone let me know that she was bred of none of the common people, and I made up my mind towards definite understanding. "Nais," I said, "you wish to kill me. At the same time I make no doubt you wish to live on yourself, if only to get credit from your people for what you have done. So here I will make a contract with you. Prove to me that my death is for Atlantis' good, and I swear by our Lord the Sun to go out with you

beyond the walls, where you can slay me and then get you gone. Or else—"I will not be your slave."

"I do not ask you for service. Or else, I wished to say, I shall live so long as the high gods wish, and do my poor best for this country. And for you—I shall set you free to do your best also. So now, I pray you, speak."

[To Be Continued.]

A LIVELY INTRODUCTION.

How Sir Harry Westwood Cooper, the English Forger, Met Detective Seymour.

Sir Harry Westwood Cooper, the English forger, accused of nobility, is a far more docile creature since his course in rigorous western police treatment than he was when Capt. John Seymour, chief of detectives, first introduced himself, says the San Francisco News Letter. The story of the introduction is good. Capt. Seymour then without other title than a plain badge, was sent over to the Langham hotel one day to bring in this exceptional scion to police headquarters. To the captain's query if the nobleman was in, the clerk merely pointed to the elevator and remarked: "Just going up, sir; won't see anybody." At the entrance to the elevator stood a gentleman in elegant afternoon attire, and straight up to him went the detective.

"Pardon me," said Seymour, "one moment, please."

Sir Harry moved away as if to be rid of the intruder, and just then the elevator came down. The detective moved nearer.

"Pardon me again," he said, "but I am—"

"Some trades person," concluded Sir Harry; "I can't see you."

Capt. Seymour put his hands on Sir Harry's shoulders and began again. But Sir Harry did something suddenly; the detective did something more suddenly; there was a crashing and breaking, a rush of excited people, and one little fellow in the background, crying: "How dare you touch an English nobleman! How dare you touch my friend, Suh Hawwy!"—then the clearing of the smoke revealed the "friend, Suh Hawwy," sitting handcuffed on the floor, his top hat crushed in, his Prince Albert torn, and the blood from a cut on his face streaming down onto his white vest.

The captain was winded, but otherwise in good form.

"You will pardon me," he remarked again, "but when you interrupted me, I was about to introduce myself. I am John Seymour, of the detective agency."

"That will do," said the nobleman, "but frankness compels me to say that I do not desire your acquaintance." Then—first looking down at the manacles—he added slowly: "You will pardon me for not—ah—offering you my hands."

"Certainly," replied the detective, with equal wit, "but may I take your arm?"

Affecting His Honor.

The proprietor of a large dry goods store had decided to tear down the old building and erect a new one in its stead. In furtherance of this plan he was removing his goods to temporary quarters in another building.

The goods were nearly all out of the old structure, when, from some unknown cause, it caught fire. The department was promptly at hand and soon had a stream playing on the flames, but the merchant was wild with excitement. Running up to the chief, he urged him to greater haste. "Never mind the goods!" he shouted. "Save the building! I'll give the boys a check for \$500 for their pension fund if they don't let the fire spread beyond that floor!"

"Why, you're going to tear the old building down, anyway, aren't you?" asked the chief.

"Yes," he said, "but do you suppose I want the insurance companies or anybody on earth to think that's the reason why it caught fire?"

By great exertion the fire was extinguished with little loss, so far as the building was concerned, and the merchant was as good as his word—Youth's Companion.

Brought to the Point.

He was slow, painfully slow. Last autumn, when the figured velvet drawing-room suite was new, he sat on one chair, she on another, and talked—simply talked. During the winter they burned papa's gas, and sat side by side on the lounge exchanging confidences. When spring came they used the same chair and whispered; but there was never a whisper of that one question she was longing to hear. Now, summertime was with them, and the figured velvet was showing signs of wear.

A knock at the front door was heard. "Callers," she remarked. "Bother!" said he. "Say you're out, Kate."

"Oh, Jack, I couldn't! that would be a fib," she murmured, "I can say I'm—I'm engaged, if you like."

And Jack was captured.—London Answers.

About Royal Kissing.

"The sound of a kiss is no loud as that of a cannon," remarked the professor at the breakfast table, "but its echo lasts a deal longer." Latterly it seems to last before it begins.

Nearly a year before his coronation King Edward has announced that the ceremony of kissing by the peers will be omitted. "Imagine me compelling Devonshire to kiss me!" he is said to have exclaimed. "He would never survive the ordeal." William IV., who objected to this part of the ceremony, submitted to it, but declared he would renounce the kingship rather than repeat the experience.

THE REBELLION SPREADING.

Execution of Two Commandants Caused Loyalists to Join the Boers.

London, Jan. 25.—The Daily News published from its correspondent at The Hague, whom it claims to have been very accurate, the following dispatch taken from private advices:

"News from South Africa has reached military circles here that the power of the Boers over Cape Colony is increasing daily, that the rebellion is constantly spreading and that the colonists are joining the Boers in steadily increasing numbers. The executions of Commandant Lotter (October 11, 1901) and Commandant Scheepers (January 18, 1902), have had the result of deciding the loyalists to join the Boers, whose position is persistently reported to be more favorable than ever."

The same private advices assert that the British suffered a dozen defeats from September to November, 1901, of which no mention is made in Lord Kitchener's reports.

OHIO COAL LANDS.

Pittsburg and Philadelphia Parties Close a Deal For 8,000 Acres.

Pittsburg, Jan. 25.—Capt. Alfred Hicks, of Pittsburg, and Thomas M. Mahon, of Philadelphia, closed a deal for 8,000 acres of land situated in Belmont county, O., for a sum close to \$1,000,000. The property adjoins the De Armit Coal Co.'s working, and has three mines in operation. The property will be developed as rapidly as possible. The Baltimore & Ohio, Cleveland, Lorraine & Wheeling and the Wabash railroads traverse the tract. J. P. and C. W. Trol, of St. Clairville, O., representing the Black Diamond Coal Co., the Ohio & West Virginia Coal Co., and the Echo Coal Co., negotiated the sale.

THE MISSING CONDOR.

Vessels Sent Out in Search of the British War Vessel.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 25.—The United States cutters Grant and McColloch and the British ship Phaeton have already started in search of the missing sloop of war Condor. The Egeria, the only warship now in port, left dry dock Saturday and prepared to start on the same errand. The naval officers are much exercised over the Condor, for many now tell of how Capt. Slater spoken at times of danger to the vessel should her big guns break from their lashings in a storm.

TELEPHONE RATES CUT.

They Shall Not Exceed \$125 Per Year in Chicago.

Chicago, Jan. 25.—Judge Tuley decided that the annual legal rate for business telephones in Chicago shall not exceed \$125, which is a cut of \$50 a year. This is the result of the war waged against the company by the Illinois Manufacturing association and the final order directed by Judge Tuley Friday was signed by him Saturday as intimated to council on both sides of the case.

COMPLETELY BROKEN UP.

The Montreal Furriers' Smuggling Scheme at an End.

Washington, Jan. 25.—The post of vice department has been advised officially that the smuggling scheme by which furriers in Montreal, Can., sent their goods concealed in bugles and otherwise across the border into Swanton and other Vermont points and there mailed the furs to points throughout the United States has been completely broken up and the ringleaders in the scheme driven out of business.

Blizzard in Seattle, Wash.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 25.—The first blizzard in Seattle for several years commenced Friday morning and has completely tied up all street car traffic and generally interfered with business. Snow, the first of this year, is falling heavily with no sign of cessation. No snow fell in Seattle last winter.

McKinley Day in Michigan.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 24.—Gov. Bliss issued a proclamation calling upon the people of Michigan to observe Wednesday, January 29, the anniversary of the birth of the late President McKinley, as a day for making contributions to the McKinley memorial fund.

Proposed Jeffries-Sharkey Fight Off. San Francisco, Jan. 25.—The Yosemite club decided to postpone indefinitely the proposed Jeffries-Sharkey fight. The chief reason given is the unsatisfactory ending of the recent Sharkey-Maher fight in Philadelphia.

Olympia Placed in Commission.

Boston, Jan. 25.—The historic flagship of the Manila bay fight, the Olympia, went into commission at the Charleston navy yard Saturday. Capt. Henry W. Lyon took command.

George Dixon Knocked Out.

Baltimore, Jan. 25.—George Dixon, the veteran colored pugilist, went down and out under a rain of body blows delivered by Eddie Lenney. It was an excellent exhibition of sparring. Lenney had the better of the argument throughout.

Working For Peace.

Managua, Nicaragua, Jan. 25.—President Iglesias, of Costa Rica, after conferring with President Zelaya, has left for Guatemala to obtain President Carrera's signature to the peace protocol, which was drafted in Corinto.

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